



Befriender of Dragons



dragon

dragons

fantasy

111 5 9

Chapter 1 by dragonsofyore

I stumbled along the worn path headed for the rocky cliffs. I silently prayed no spies were hiding among the rocks. They couldn't see me visiting Argon, they'd forbid it. And I wouldn't be able to control my Dragon-Born powers.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Thankfully, very little stood in my way buy for violent winds and loose rocks, which I stumbled clumsily over. I cursed. My powers were draining faster than the moment. They would suffice for my protection, but for little else.

By the time that I reached Argon's cave, my arms and legs were riddled with cuts. I doubted my face had fared much better, but I couldn't tell. It would be quite to state to present myself to him in.

Heat fried my face as I ventured further into his domain. Now my heat resistance was going? I cursed. I would not survive at the core of Argon's hold if I couldn't handle a little extra heat. My powers had to stay until then.

Fortunately, I finally reached him. I hadn't keeled over. Fantastic.

"Father," I whispered, trying to wake him. He would not appreciate the disturbance, but I had little choice.

"Father!" another voice yelled. I would have assumed that it was the echoing of the cave walls. But this voice was clearly female.

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A young girl of about four

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Chapter 3 by



The girl looked at me with big tear-filled blue eyes. I turned to her and lead her outside the cave.

"Fatha is net hera..." The child said, shaking her head from side to side, her blonde curls gently slapping against her puffy cheeks. "Fatha is net hera!" She pronounced again, this time looking deep into my eyes as large salty tears dripped to the dirt ground.

I asked her questions trying to get more information and an explanation. But the response was the same every time. I left the girl crying and crept back into the cave. My power was dwindling and I needed more potion, quick.

As I leaned over the bed and rolled the body over, i realized to my horror, that it was indeed my father. But he was stone dead. And by the cold lifeless touch, he had probably been this way for many hours.

I staggered back, knocking over a small chair and basket of onions. I was stunned, and could utter no sounds. For this could mean only one thing.

Chapter 4 by Rose Winchester



"Alaya." The name escaped my lips before I could stop myself. Alaya the leader of the Sicalay clan. They ruled this part of Ingo. I turned and staggered to the door grabbing the potion on the way out. I took a large swig and screamed at the top of my lungs, letting all of my anger and grief pour out like the waterfall from the cliff. They would find me for sure now, but at the time I didn't care. Take me then, torture me, kill me, do what you will. Just get rid of this grief. Just get rid of this hole inside of my heart. I felt the tears start to flow down my cheeks. I shut my eyes and tried to think of the happy times, but the thought of his cold, lifeless body kept coming To my mind. I could hear helicopters coming for me in the distance. I welcomed the sound and sat back tired and depressed. Untill I felt a claw dig into my back. I screamed and thrashed, trying to get whatever was grabbing me to let me go. The claws dug in deeper, telling me to stop. But I wouldn't yeild, so they kept pressing in deeper. "I'm here to help little one, quiet down." I heard a soothing yet horrifying voice tell me. A dragon i was in the claws of a DRAGON! That was my

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Chapter 5 by Jerry McSander

I woke up laying on a bed of seaweed. It was seaweed. It was seaweed. It was seaweed.

"What the hell?" I exclaimed. Where was I? How did I get here? And then I came flooding back, the

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cold body on the bed. The little girl who was screaming. The helicopters coming to get me. The dragon. Whoa, there was a dragon. Even though I have Dragon Born powers I have never met one. Where was she, the dragon? And what has happened to the little girl? What happened to Illianna? Then a noise came. It was the noise of talons scrapping on rock. The dragon walked around my bed and looked right into my eye's. She was a beautiful creature. She had bright green scales with places that were the color of the forest. On her belly there were black scales with silver and white scales scattered so it looked like the sky was on her belly. "Hello," I said cautiously "I'm Hrock." "Hello, I'm Shahere, and I know who you are Hrock. You are a Chosen One.

Chapter 6 by adware



"A Chosen One? Not, the Chosen One?"

The drago laughed.

"Oh no god no. We're swimming in Chosen Ones."

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